Favored Diversions of Men Conspicuous in Various Spheres of Activity



Somebody has advanced a theory that the best way to get at the essence of a man's \$32,000 at a Saratoga faro bank. At ancharacter is to learn how he spends his time when he is not engaged in following ver pursuit he depends upon for his noome and his reputation in this world of various affairs. This theory is based, of course, upon the notion that though a man in the way of his business or profession may do many things that are foreign to his real nature, yet when he can choose how he will occupy an idle hour or a free day will naturally turn to some occupation which his real self is attracted.

It may be interesting, therefore, to se whether this theory is borne out by the sports and pastimes affected by a number of men who for various reasons are more or for example, known the country over as one of the most daring of Wall Street plungers and manipulators.

Mr. Gates's methods in business are well known to be spectacular. His motto is quick action in everything. He loves to

Wherefore the promoter of the theory is likely to get considerable comfort out of the fact that when Mr. Gates goes out to amuse himself he steers straight for a racetrack if it happens to be the season of the year when the ponies are running. Once there he usually hunts up John A winners of the day.

Then there is something doing with the bookmakers. At the end of the recent Saratoga meeting Mr. Gates went abroad, remarking before sailing that he and Mr. Drake were about \$250,000 ahead on the meeting. He was going to dance in Europe he said, and let the bookmakers settle

But observe that Mr. Gates doesn't care anything about the horses. He says he never owned a horse in his life and deesn't want to. They furnish him with excitement and that's all he wants them for.

Almost any kind of speculative proposition makes an appeal to Mr. Gates. He is a heavy player at both faro and poker. It is not uncommon for him to win or lose tens of thousands in a night over the

One instance related of him is a loss of private car a fellow traveller annoyed him considerably by repeated offers to match coins. At length Mr. Gates remarked:

"Since you are anxious to match, let's begin with one spin for a quarter of a million

The nuisance subsided promptly. It's the spectacular, the sudden, the vast and the glittering that appeal to Mr. Gates in sport as in business. He and Mr. Lambert, the steel magnate, were travelling

west on a train one time. They had made about \$15,000,000 more or less on the market recently and Mr. statement the train rolled into Pittsburg. "Let's get off and buy some mills," said

"All right," said Mr. Lambert.

So they got off, heard that a mill was for sale at Cleveland and wired for a price

"One million dollars," came the reply. "We'll take it," answered Mr. Gates-and

they did. Thus it appears that in the case of Mr. Gates the spirit of business and play is precisely the same.

Perhaps it would scarcely be fair to apply this test to John D. Rockefeller, since John D. Archbold has recently stated that Mr. Rockefeller has not been actively connected with the management of the Standard Oil Company in fifteen years. But perhaps there is something to be learned from the fact that in the most active years of the formation of the oil trust Mr. Rockefeller had no time for recrea-

Just now he plays golf whenever he gets a chance, and his son is authority for the statement that his father took up this gentle pastime for the benefit of his digestion, which is, in consequence, just

now of the best. In order that he might gratify his taste for golf unharassed by the curious Mr. Rockefeller paid \$50,000 for the property of the Lakewood Country Club, and swipes the elusive "quinine pill" over a first class

Difficult of approach as Mr. Rockefeller is when ashore, persons who have been shipmates with him on transatlantic liners declare that he makes no special effort to keep to himself; he mingles freely with the other passengers, and even takes part occasionally in a game of shuffleboard. which is rather less exciting than the pastime he follows when on land.

The case of District Attorney Jerome is most dissimilar. Whenever he has the time he makes clocks.

When he steps aside for a day or two from the hurry of his office routine he retires to his country home at Lakewood. Coan. There he has a workshop in which he loves to potter around at various odd mechanical jobs. for which he has a gift. Making clocks is one of his chief delights.

Charles R. Flint, who was at one time known as the Father of the Trusts, is a famous fisherman. August Belmont has often been his companion on his fishing excursions, as also has William M. Ivins, the Republican candidate for Mayor in the last municipal campaign. Mr. Flint and Mr. Ivins were schoolmates at the Brooklyn Polytechnic, and the intimacy formed then has never been broken.

One of Mr. Flint's favorite resorts is the Wyandanch Club on Long Island. Its trout and bass are famous. But the Wyandanch Club is not the only one where Mr. Flint fishes. He gets both fishing and shooting at the Liberty Club in Connecticut, and he once made an excursion to the Little

nine hole course without any of that pub- Tobigue, in New Brunswick, Canada, on Gates thought they ought to invest it in licity which everybody knows he finds which occasion the young Baron Roth-

Still another sporting expedition of his carried him clear to the Amazon River and the western coast of South America. Mr. Flint is also fond of shooting, particularly duck shooting, but he is not an especially good shot and he really prefers

Secretary of War Taft's favorite method of amusing himself in the open is by riding. It may well be believed that it takes a real sure enough horse to carry the Secretary without breaking down. Yet he finds the right sort of animals in Washington.

He isn't much for style, and when he appears arrayed for his favorite sport all Washington stops whatever else may be engaging it at that particular time in order to stare. Mr. Taft's activities as spokesman of the President have in the last year became so pressing and varied that he hasn't had as much time for riding as he used to have, and the spectacular side of Washington is greatly the loser

moments he likes to rest his mind by playing solitaire. The game called "Canfield" is his especial favorite, and he keeps an accurate account of how it comes out in order to see whether he would have beaten the bank if he had been playing for real

Another enthusiastic horseman whose devotion to any kind of sport is little known is President Eliot of Harvard. In his undergraduate days he was a powerful

in good condition by riding. He keeps a horse in a stable on the university grounds and every fair day when he is in Cambridge he goes out for a canter. George J. Gould has in his time had many amusements. He has railed and

a sman. But he has long since passe the rowing age, and now keeps himsel

owned both steam and sailing yachts. For years he has been a cross-country rider and still loves to follow the hounds though he has had several hard falls. He owns several automobiles and drives

his own machine whenever he has a chance. In the summer of 1905 he was motoring in France along a country road with Mrs. Gould when the machine skidded and made for the top of an embankment. Mrs. Gould jumped, but her hushand stuck to the steering wheel and went over the fifteen foot embankment with the car. Neither Mr. Gould nor his wife was seriously

But so far as sport is concerned polo is Mr. Gould's hobby. Not only does he play himself but he has trained those of his sons who are old enough until they are

up an entire polo team. On his estate at Georgian Court, Lakewood, he has one of the most completely appointed pologrounds in

Booth Tarkington, author of the "The Gentleman From Indiana," is an auto flend of the most extreme type. He spends much of his time at his villa on the island of Caprif. where the roads are said to be admirable for

the uses of the buzz wagon. Richard Mansfield is one of the best athlete on the stage, although he is no longer a young man. There have been many tales of his handiness with his fists related by actors and stage managers who have been at one time or another in Mr. Mansfield's company, and he was once sued by a member of his company who charged that the star had attacked

Mr. Mansfield's friends have frequently declared that he was the victim of much misrepresentation in this respect. However that may be, Mr. Mansfield is always fit and keeps himself so by an hour's vigorous exercise with dumbbells, Indian clubs and so on every day just before breakfast.

Senator W. A. Clark of Montana plays golf. Nobody knows why, but it is probably to be explained on the theory that he had done about everything else in life that any human being deprived of special talents could do and he wanted to com-

plete his record. He is said by those who have seen him to be one of the worst golfers on record.

Clark is king of the duffers" is how one of his golfing friends describes it. "He tries hard, but he can't seem to learn."

JOHN D. ROCKETELLER PLAYING SHUFFLE BOARD.

Music is a hobby with Andrew Carnegie. He doesn't make any himself, but in his house in upper Fifth avenue there is a pipe organ of the finest quality, and there have master is in town he is awakened at a given hour every morning by pipe organ music played by a man who is employed for the specific purpose of |playing Mr. Carnegie

Leo Stokowski, who, despite his youth, is one of the first of New York's choirmasters, makes athletics his hobby. He is the choirmaster at St. Bartholomew's Church, Madison avenue and Forty-fourth street. He still in the twenties. His father was Polish, his mother Irish, and he himself speaks with a marked English accent He is one of the best amateur boxers in New York and practises the manly art whenever opportunity offers at the boys gymnasium at the parish house and else where. The choirmaster has been heard to say that he would rather see a good lively

mill than hear a Beethoven symphony. Bishop Potter's stepson, F. Ambrose Clark, owns one of the best stables of steeplechasers in this country and is nearly always to be seen at the racetrack when any of the good races over the jumps are to be run. In addition Mr. Ciark is known as an exceedingly clever amateur jockey and, as his weight allows him to do it, he frequently rides his own horses at the New York tracks. His performances as a jockey are understood not to meet with the full approval of his relatives, as he has had two or three rather nasty tumbles, but they do not seem to have dis-

couraged him in the least.

Clarence H. Mackay before the death of his father owned a stable that contained some of the greatest thoroughbreds in

training, notably the great Banastar, win-ner of both a Metropolitan and a Brooklyn Handicap. Since he has succeeded to the management of most of the great Mackay enterprises he has withdrawn from the racing game. He was at one time one of the eleverest of the polo playing contingent,

Arthur Stanwood Pier, who is one of th editors of the Youth's Companion, takes his exercise in the form of lawn tennis. He is as expert with the racket as he is with his pen, and is this season one of the players who received a rating from the ranking com-

As for Simeon Ford, that funereal teller of excellent tales, he is among the golfers. Yet though he plays, and not so badly either, it is as a golfing adviser that he

either, it is as a golfing adviser that he plumes himself.
Indeed, he has been known to intimate darkly that it was due in no small measure to his advice that Travis won the amateur championship of England. Anyhow, Ford was there when Travis won. But the hotel man's reputation as a jester is unfortunately such as to militate against his claim.

the next two, thus retaining the cup. Harry Maxwell, son of J. Rogers Max-

As for that great man Rosey the Lawyer whose other and seldom heard name in Hyman Rosenschein, it is well known that

COURT DAY IN THE BLUE GRASS

MONDAYS THAT KENTUCKIANS DON'T SPEND AT HOME.

Horse Swapping, Gossipping, Trading, Drinking at the County Seat-The Monthly Day of Social Meetings, of Business Engagements, Trade, Fun.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 27.-Stiffen yourselves, bricks in the sidewalk loafing places. Dry the ragged sod in the court house yard, friendly April sun. Fetch out to the pavement your stools and chairs, hotel clerk and corner groceryman. And off the street, ladies, it's court day at the

county seat! It's the day of business engagements, of live stock sales, of social meetings, the day of convenience, of trade, of fun, for

the masculine countryside. Happy is the man who lives within driving distance of two county seats, happier he who lives near enough to three to attend monthly court day at each place, on the first, second, third or fourth Monday, as the case may be. And-does he ever stay at home on any of these Mondays? Not while there is a hoof in the stables! He may make excuse to his womankind for going to town on other days, but court day

is his legitimate day to seek town. Here they come, the rural population, and they of other towns within driving distance, the well to do class, the land owner and the half strainer, in buggies, runabouts or dog carts, rubber tired and shining. pulled by stylish three-year-olds-the older forses are gone to the Eastern markets.

The impecunious ones, the tenant farmers the tobacco people who raise tobacco able folks from the hills, the moneyless

ons or tattered buggles, drawn by work horses or mules, are astride saddles that have seen the incoming and the outgoing of seasons without number, or are, more often, pedestrians.

Then it's "Come on ye who have money to spend for hitching and hay!" The smiling liveryman and his aids await you, glad

of the busy day that is theirs. Pass the stables by, impecunious ones Here on the side streets and in vacant lots are hitching places convenient and free. Here, too, are the churchyard hitching posts awaiting your mild eyed and rope reined old horse and your hard headed mule, and instead of mooning under the liveryman's prosaio roof in the care of sweating Simon they may rest under the shadow of a steeple watched by stained glass angels.

Ten o'clock, and the streets are alive with men; but where are the women? Behind closed casements. Then why does the grass widow, bravely apparelled in pale green, sit in her phaeton in Main street the day long? Oh, she's Madam Unconventional, who comes to town every court day to see and be

There's another lady who comes to town on court day, the helpmeet of Herr Baumeister, who comes in from the German settlement on purchasing intent. She steps upon the wheel's axle and tosses into the wagon the sacks of flour and kegs of nails. What matters a little disarrangement of pink calico and yellow ribbon finery when one is proving one's self a real helpmeet?

By old custom, on this day certain streets are set aside for herding the stock brought in to sell. Hear that cracking of whips and mighty bawling of cattle in Needmore lane It's a hundred head drove of two-year olds the enterprising man of a mountain county has brought to the blue grass to sell to the farmers to pasture in the rich

blue grass fields. The loud mouthed driver starts blue

grassward a week before the court day in the town he's "aimin' fur." and secures shelter at night and grazing or fodder for his cattle of the farmers en route. When he brings the cattle to feed on the fat cornfields in September, when the road dust is bad and the heat dangerous, he drives at night and rests in the day, and he in-variably drives on Sunday that he may be in early on Monday.

Do you hear that neighing and cheering

on Broadway, the town's street of hand some residences? It's horse show day and that street is given up to the saddle stallions trotters, the thoroughbreds and the

Shetlands.
Up and down the street the owners or grooms ride the spirited beauties, while small boys distribute the cards telling of each horse's pedigree and his wonderful

when the horses rest, the bystanders cluster about them for a closer survey, handling and caressing every glorious creature with the exception of the thoroughcreature with the exception of the thorough-bred whose temper is as quick as his feet are fleet. He is admired at a respectful distance. Now and then a casement opens and a group of girls and women, lovers of horses, look out at the graceful creatures. See the wide side street? Hear the laughter, the jeering, and noisy argument? That is the contrast to Broadway on horse

show day—Jockey street, where equine wrecks are sold and exchanged, and the trade of Ananias and Sapphira revived. The wily owner of the horse whose affliction is rickets pats a prospective trader encouragingly on the shoulder. "Aw now," he says, "jest look at my hose's fine head. D'ye ever see a finer? Yes, he reels a little, I own he reels a little, but

he's all right in the main, and perfectly safe fer a woman."
"And five cents boot is all you can gimme?" says he who has swapped a winder for a limper. "I'll take it, but, man alive, don't a dollar look somepin' like as big as a cart wheel to you?"

On the morning after court day the early

rising country housewife sees a tailless horse and a tall pedestrian in the road in front of her dwelling. The horse takes a dozen steps, then turns 'round and 'round and falls flat.

Directly he is up again, and there are continuous repetitions of the performance. The housewife steps to her door.

"What is the matter with your horse Mr. Dawson?" says the new owner, "hit's Jest the wearin' off effects o' high life they give him yistiddy to sort o' liven him up a little traded old Gray fer him!"

swapped?" asks Madam Dawson grins cheerfully.

"Not to say so much, ma'am! This one's false tail the man had stuck on it did come off jest after I left town, and he seems a little onsteady on his legs, but I can't say I'm cheated so much, ma'am. Old Gray was steadler on his legs, and a mighty good

was steadler on his legs, and a mighty good puller, but he was jest a jittle easy now and then on a cold collar. Old Gray was the worst balker in the country."

Business, business, all kinds of court day business, and food selling most of all.

The apple and fruit stand men move about with cricketlike celerity, the grocer's clerk carves cheese and sets forth crackers as for his life, the restaurant man fries coverers and dishes out ice cream as on no oysters and dishes out joe oream as on no other day, and the town ladies who want to buy a new carpet for their church serve a court day dinner in a vacant store room for a quarter of a dollar.

Gossip and talk, talk and gossip, among the groups of men go on the day long. An octogenarian on crutches is helped from a closed carriage to the barber's shop by his coachman for his weekly shave. Then he is helped into the hotel office to preside at a meeting of choice friends and air his opin ions as to the deterioration of the times. Here in the court house yard a motley

crowd discuss justice and injustice.
"In the last twenty-five years there's been man killed in the county for every brick in a man kined in the county for every brick in the pavement in front of the court house," says a well dressed pessimist, tapping the bricks with his gold headed cane, "and every fellow's got off scot free!"
"Shut up, man," says his old friend who has timed his visit back home from the State

nas timed his visit back home from the State
of his adoption so as to be able to attend
county court day and greet old friends,
"you wouldn't tell that for truth to a Western man, would you?"

Further out in the yard the unlettered
six and a half foot tobacco raiser tells of

things he has "heerd."

"Talk about folks a-movin'," he drawls,
"I ain't needin' none o' them 'way off
States. They's too many quair creeturs runnin' loose in 'em.

'My cousin, Kildee Dunn, and my brother,
William, they lived out in Texas, and one
day they seed a snake fifteen foot long and

big as a post, layin' plum acrost the road a-sunnin'. Hit wuz one them boey in "William, he told me, he says: 'Kildee

"William, he told me, he says: 'Kildee, hit won't do to shoot him, because ef we don't git him he'll git us.' Yes, sir, that's what he said. And Kildee, he went and got a club and got up close to the snake and hit him back of the head about eight inches; yes, sir, and that snake jist swapped eends. But he was dead, yes, sir, he was dead. He was a instructor, a boey instructor!
"Yes, sir, they's ba'rs out thar too. William says them kind that'll hug like a courtin'

iam says them kind that'll aug like a courtin' feller, and the ment's as sweet as a courtin' feller's tongue. William says you can pintedly eat all the ba'r's fat you can git around ef you pepper and sait hit right good, and 'stid o' sickenin' you, he says, hit'll fatten you.

"And William says the crops thar is astoundin', the ground is so rich. He says he raised one pumpkin, jes' an ordinary

he raised one pumpkin, jes' an ordinary size, too, for Texas, and his old sow she made a bed in hit fer her peega!"

O Horatio, Horatio, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy!

This is a day of bill paying, of debt col-

lecting.
See that anxious looking man furtively threading the crowds. That's a man dodging a creditor. He'll go home about noon, poor fellow, after only a taste of the court day fun. Hard lines, hard lines for the man who cannot or will not pay! the man who cannot or will not pay!

"Mistuh Warnock, he's got plenty money, "Mistuh Warnock, he's got plenty money, but he jes' won't pay less'n he hatto," he says, "but I allus waits twell cote day to ax him pay me. I waits twell I sees him step in de bank wha' da's a crowd o' de big felluhs, den I steps in too.

"Mistuh Warnock, boss,' I says, steppin' up to him wha he's a-talkin' big wid de big men, 'ef hit's ontirely convenient, I'd lak' fuh you to pay me dat seventy-five

Sambo, job worker, does some collecting,

cents vou owes me on de ditch diggin' "Den he pulls out his pocketbook, quick.
"Suttinly, Sam,' he says, 'Is dat all I owe you, Sam?'"

o'clock comes, and in the rosy sunse of the April day court day draws to its close. The wagonload of saddles, bridles, rugs and whips piled in the accommodating corner groceryman's store melt away as

their owners come for them

The knob folk of the hills have sold out their wagon loads of hickory baskets, and "sassafrack" roots; the medicine man with the long hair and the coat buttons of gold eagles, who has pulled teeth free all day and sold his load of one dollar a bottle cureall (nine-tenths water and one-tenth licorice coloring) takes the road to the next town.

together and start home.
"All," says the old tobacco raiser, "but
them that's been drinkin' two step and graveyard whiskey. Them that drinks two step, they walk about two steps before they drap; them that drinks graveyard don't walk nary step, and both uv 'em has to be tuck down in the hotel cellar by some of the boys and laid that tell mornin'!"

The farmers gather up their bundles and

The boys and laid that tell mornin? The farmers gather up their bundles and set out to their wives, who have enjoyed a day of freedom from cooking—always on court day, Mondays, the country housewife eats a cold dinner.

Often when the roads are not crowded the younger more paids realize with each

the younger men enjoy racing with each other on the way home.

Back on the hotel corner stands the white haired remnant of the old time, the blind mendicant, still holding out his tin cup, and as the court day folk pass out of the town there comes quaveringly after them on the evening breeze:

Far'well to de fields Ob cotton, 'bacco and all; I's gwine to hoe In a bressed row Wha' de cawn grows mellow and tali.

O boys, carry me 'long, Carry me tell I die; Carry me down to de buryin' groun'; and, massa, don't you cry O carry me 'long; Da's no moah trouble for me: I's gwine to roam In a happy home

nately such as to militate against his claim nately such as to militate against his claim for advisory golfing honors.

Among the amateur yachtsmen John H. Hanan's son, Addison G. Hanan, is one of the cleverest. In 1903, when the American boat the Irondequoit had been beaten twice in the Canada cup races on Lake Ontario, young Hanan took the wheel for the third race. The American boat won that race and the rout two thus retaining the cure

Harry Maxwell, son of J. Rogers Maxwell, made a great reputation as a yachtsman last summer on the New York Yacht Club's cruise. Here it was agreed by the experts that the young amateur more than held his own with Charley Barr, who has piloted so many America's Cup defenders to victory. Barr's boat, the Rainbow, beat Maxwell's 70 footer, the Yankee, only once on the cruise.

his favorite pastime is inducing the young people of Essex street to get married.

SCREAM OF A GASSER. As Piercing as the Death Cry of a Thousand Panthers.

Whatever facts may be covered up in the oil business there is one thing which defles secrecy. It is a gasser. When a gasser is struck everybody for niles around knows it. In fact nobody

knows or at least thinks of anything else till the gasser is muzzled. A writer in the Broadway Magazine gives an account of the advent of one of these wells. It seems to have been a howling success. It woke the hero out of a dead

success. It wo sleep, though distance from the well. distance from the well.

The air did not seem to be air, but one unceasing, ear piercing, brain maddening scream. He got up, stuffed his ears with cotton and hied himself to the scene of

the gasser.

"It screamed like the death cry of a thousand panthers," he says. "The long steel cable had been sent flying like a twine string, a great length of pipe had been hurled against a tree and wrapped around it. The derrick was almost hidden in a white heave war of fine each death at the same and the same and the same areas of fine each death as a same and the same areas of fine each death as a same and the same areas of fine each death as a same as a sa white haze, a geyser of fine sand was streaming upward and eating away the lofty

"Seth knew what it was. He found Tom and they gesticulated at each other; they made faces, but no audible sound. Their voices were vain as candles in the full sunlight. Each was trying to yell

"She's a gasser blowing her head off!"
"Men gathered from everywhere and acted like crazy folk, working their jaws and delivering no message. They were soaked, drowned, obliterated in a sea of intolerable noise.
"A mile away at the railroad station

the passengers were equally made dumb by the uproar. If a man wanted a ticked he had to write out the name of the station. An gigine rolled in with a bell that rocked wishout sound and a whistle emitting puffs of white steem that no one heard of white steam that no one heard.

"The animals of the region were greatly disturbed. There was much breaking of about under empty saddles."